

pockets. If you have, (suppose it be silver or gold, it matters not which) he desires you to put it into the basin: when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye, it is all turned into powder, or, I should rather say, into little shining dust: and if you were to cut it in a hundred pieces of what coin you please, one after the other, they would be served in the same manner. "Now take notice," says the old gentleman, of what is passed. This cup, which my master would not part with for the Indies; this cup, I say, shews you the real value of your money. Money, indeed, hath made a great stir, and a great deal of mischief in the world, it has been the cause of numberless animosities between the nearest relations, and the most intimate friends. For this,—the poor are continually envying and hating their neighbours,—and the rich despising and oppressing the poor. For this,—the Kings and Emperors of the earth are perpetually engaged in cruel wars, to the destruction of their sub-

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jects. In short, the love of money, as one observes, is the root of every evil. "But, after all, what is this money? this precious poison! this universal tyrant! Only look in the basin, and you will see what it is: it is neither more nor less than a little paltry shining dust! But such as it is, I do not want to deprive you of it; please, therefore, to take up that pen, and write what I bid you, and you shall have your money again." He then helps you to a piece of paper, and a little bottle which is full of a certain liquid, as clear as chrystal, and as red as blood. To the best of my remembrance, nay I am sure of it, this liquid is called the water of *Sincerity*. With this you are to write the words *Charity* and *Love* in large capitals; and then emptying the basin into the paper, your money will be restored in an instant to its former shape, and appear bright as if it came fresh from the Mint. "Now, (adds the old gentleman) you may put your money in your pocket. But pray remember, when you

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